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K. Moody (2) friend J. C. D. H. W. Graham

A  
L E T T E R  
TO THE  
COUNTRY SPECTATOR,  
IN REPLY TO THE  
AUTHOR OF HIS NINTH NUMBER,

*Published December 4, 1792.*

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BY A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

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FCENUM HABET IN CORNU, LONGE FUGE, DUMMODO  
RISUM EXCUTIAT SIBI, NON HIC CUIQUAM PARCET AMICO.  
HORACE.

Fly away,---avoid that furious Fellow. He is dangerous. If  
he may have his Jest, he cares not at whose expence, nor  
will he spare, even his best Friends.

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THE

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ACT

1862

CHAPTER

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MR. COUNTRY SPECTATOR.

SIR,

IT is incumbent on the professor of every science, to defend his profession from the invidious attacks of those who attempt to degrade it in the estimation of mankind. I cannot therefore avoid animadverting upon Q. Moody's letter published in your ninth number, December 4, 1792.

It seems, he was unfortunately inclosed in the mail coach with two Musicians, on their return from performing in the late *Oratorios* at *Hull*; and they, supposing he had also been at that place, asked him how he liked the performance; to which he very politely

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answered,

answered, "that he had not been at *Hull*, and that he looked on all performances in the country with contempt."

This answer was certainly not calculated to render his coach-mates agreeable companions. "He was instantly saluted by a double base *murmer* of *Indignation* from his *vis a vis*, while a squeaking voice in the other corner cried out "it is a pity all leather ears are not nailed to the Pillory." Indeed, from Mr. Q. Moody's following remarks, had *his* ears been as long as those of king *Midas*, they would have well deserved it.

Perhaps, his readers will not be quite satisfied, either with the propriety of the epithet "*growling Dogs of harmony*"; or with his erudition, in the musical terms he has used.

From what language did Mr. Q. Moody, derive his *inter-messes*? I believe, from no one used in this habitable Globe.

If



If he fancied he wrote Italian, he would have done well in consulting *Bottarelli's* Dictionary, rather than have so palpably exposed his ignorance.

On his arrival in London, he was conducted, by his civil Landlord, to see the wild beasts in the Tower. To count the curls on Sir Cloudesley Shovel's wigg. To view the Giants in Guildhall. To see Rackstrow's museum, &c.

I should pay an ill compliment to my readers understanding, to proceed farther in *Q. Moody's* history of his hacknied tour: as he may find, in almost any *novel*, (the first essay of a girl just released from the boarding school) the same story told with more humour, and in full as good a stile——The entering into a stage coach in the dark——the various toned voices that assailed the ear——the conjectures from whom those voices proceeded,  
the

—the longing for the approach of light to satisfy their curiosity; and the *wonderment* when that light arrived, &c.

That a man so totally inadequate to the task, should presume to tread in the steps of *Addison*, *Steel*, and *Johnson*, is truly astonishing. Instead of attempting to wield the club of *Hercules*, I would recommend to his hands the distaff of *Omphale*.

Pray, *Mr. Spectator*, what do you think of his motto "*Ad mare per terras per tot discrimina rerum.*" Virg.

"To bathe I go, *per tot discrimina rerum*—  
"Mail coaches, Fiddlers, and the stench of  
[sheer rum,"

What melodious versification! *Poor Virgil!* This is the first time thou wert ever introduced into such company. Never before were thy sentiments debased by such *doggrel rhyme*. In truth, *Mr. Q. Moody's*  
letter

letter is so much below all criticism, that it is paying him too great an honor, even to notice it, were it not to rectify the judgment of some who might possibly be misled by this *dogmatist*; and, at the same time, to defend a respectable part of the community, whom he has falsely and slanderously traduced in the following sentence.

"I had frequently heard that the professors  
"of music by no means exemplified in their  
"manners the elegance of that delightful  
"art; and I am now convinced by woful  
"experience, *that this country does not*  
"*produce worse company than Fiddlers, and*  
"*that crashes, and concerts, have ruined as*  
"*many of our youth, as the gaming table, or*  
"*the turf.*"

Hear this! and hide your diminished heads  
ye writers and philosophers, of almost every  
age

age and country; even from *Polybius*, down to *Avison*. In vain have ye recommended the practice of music as an incentive to virtue. In vain have ye proposed it as a necessary branch of education, to soften and humanise the mind.\*

Behold a philosopher who subdues all his predecessors; who attempts to conquer even *reason* itself. Alas! must I reply to him in the words of our immortal dramatist, "*You wear a lion's hide, doff it for shame, and hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.*"

But to be serious; I will not doubt the truth of his two coach companions being drunk. It is possible to meet with a drunken  
 Musician,

\* "The practice of music," says the BARON DE MONTESQUIEU, is a "kind of medium between the bodily exercises that render men fierce; and speculative sciences that render them unsociable and sour." And again "but some will ask, why should music be pitched upon preferable to any other entertainment? It is, because of all sensible pleasures, there is none that less corrupts the soul" Spirit of laws vol. 1 p. 56.



Mufician; and fo it is, with a drunken *Parfon*. But would not your reverend correspondent Q. *Moody* have thought it very illiberal in me, for the vices of individuals, to have condemned the whole *body* of the *clergy*; and yet he has done as much, by indifcriminately abufing *all* profeffors of mufic.

Under the degrading name of *Fiddlers*, he has included performers in *Oratorios* and *Concerts*. Does the name of *Burney*, or of *Herschel*, fellows of the royal fociety, deserve no better an appellation, whose writings are an honor to human nature? Surely, yes. I could very eafily furnifh him with a lift of forty more profeffors of mufic in this kingdom, any one of whom, even as an author, would appear, compared with this flanderer, "*Hyperrion* to a *Satyr*." Mr. Q. *Moody*, however, feems to be very little converfant, either with

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the literary, or polite world. Just translated from the *Fens in Lincolnshire* he seems to have no other idea of a professor of music, than he has annexed to some blind fidler who, trembling at his door, may have implored his charity in vain.

But, Mr. Spectator. If this country does not produce worse company than *Fidlers*, as he calls them, why did your reverend correspondent *Q. Moody*, solicit the inhabitants of the town of Gainsbrough to have an organ and organist, introduced into the church? An organist, I insist upon it, comes under his description of a *Fidler*. Has he then no more regard for his *God*, than to solicit the introduction of a profligate character into the church, to become his *associate*, in performing the sacred duties of our holy religion? Strange inconsistency! after such an application

cation, to villify a whole body of men; and men too, whom the clergy, of all people in the world, ought to respect. By whose means are the orphan children of the clergy educated and supported; but by the talents of Musicians? witness the annual musical performances for this purpose at *St. Paul's*, those for charity schools, hospitals &c. particularly in London; where, on all such occasions, (be it told to their honor) Musicians always perform *gratis*. Could the professors of any other science, by their own art raise, for the poor and helpless, such large sums? I believe not. Yet, these are the men, that this calumniator has no better name for than *Fidlers*. *That this country does not produce worse company; and whose performances have ruined as many of our youth, as the gaming table, or the turf, O shame, where is thy blush! Let this illiberal man know, that*  
his

his *own* children, like those of his poor brethren, may possibly be indebted for their subsistence, to the talents of those very artists, whom he has so falsely and basely stigmatised.

As an old man; who, by the blessing of providence and my own industry, have acquired, what I esteem, a competency, I speak fearlessly. Impressed with the importance of that science, which constitutes an essential part of divine worship; which helps to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked; to subdue the rougher passions, and to soften the heart; I glory in my profession, and in exerting my poor abilities in defence of my deserving, injured brethren. The younger part of them, I trust, will not be discouraged by illiberal defamers; but proceed with vigour in their career of improvement. Let not the tongue of the slanderer "*damp their noble rage, nor freeze the genial current of the soul.*"

Did



Did the world, in general, know the fund of scientific knowledge requisite to form the character of a good *theorist* in music; and the difficulties a *practical* musician has to surmount, before he can arrive, even at a tolerable degree of perfection upon a single instrument; professors would rise in estimation. For I am well assured, that it requires more genius,—length of time, and intense application to complete *one* great performer on the violin, than seem necessary, to qualify *twenty* men of Q. Moodys attainments to gain admittance into our churches as ministers.

I shall conclude, Mr. Spectator, with wishing your reverend correspondent, instead of calumniating a body of men, to whom his brethren, in particular, are so much indebted, had imbibed the following sentiments, which, would have been much more becoming the sacred character of a clergyman.

“I esteem

“I esteem my lot fortunate, in residing in  
“this happy country.—The seat of liberty, of  
“commerce, and of the fine arts—as a  
“literary man, I respect the sciences; and,  
“far from attempting to degrade the character  
“of an artist, am thankful for the instruction,  
“or pleasure I receive, from the exertion of  
“his talents. Convinced by my own wants,  
“that I may be indebted to the lowest indi-  
“vidual, I will cherish in my heart universal  
“benevolence to mankind; regarding every  
“fellow creature, as a link of that great chain  
“by which the Almighty governs the universe.

I am,

Mr. Country Spectator,

Your very obedient servant

A Professor of Music.

*J. Miller of  
Dunstable*

